Prince. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech; ſtand aſide, Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, Ifaith.

Fal. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vain.

Ho. O the father, how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake, Lords, conuay my truſtfull Queene, For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Ho. O Ieſu, he doth it, as like one of theſe harlotrie plaiers, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle-braine. Harry, I doe not onely maruaile, where thou ſpendeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanied. For, though the cammomill, the more it is troden on, the faſter it growes: ſo youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: that thou art my ſon, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my owne opinion, but chiefly, a villanous tricke of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be ſonne to me, here lies the point: why, beeing ſonne to mee, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen prooue a micher, and eat blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſon of England, proue a theefe, and take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch, (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the cõpanie thou keepeſt: for Harry, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſsiõ; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. What maner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man ifaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerefull looke, a pleaſing eie, & a moſt noble carriage, & as I think, his age ſome fiftie, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remember mee, his name is *Falſtalffe*: if that man ſhould bee lewdly giuen, hee deceiueth me. For Harry, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that *Falſtalffe*, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: & tel me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin, this month?

Prin.

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake
ile play my father.
Fal. Depoſe me, if tho
ly both in word and matt
bet ſucker, or a poulters
Prin. Well, here I am
Fal. And here I ſtand
Prin. Now, Harry, wh
Fal. My noble Lord,
Prince. The complai
Fal. Zblood, my Lo
yong prince Ifaith.
Prin. Sweareſt thou, v
on me, thou art violently
uill haunts thee, in the lik
is thy companion: why do
humours, that boultinghu
of dropſies, that huge bon
guts, that roſted Manning
ly, that reuerent vice, tha
vanitie in yeeres? wherein
it? wherein neat & cleanl
in cunning, but in craft?
in villanous, but in all thi
Fal. I would your gra
meanes your grace?
Prince. That villanous
ſtalffe, that olde white bea
Fal. My Lord, the ma
Prin. I know, thou do
Fal. But to ſay, I kno
were to ſay more then I k
tie, his white haires doe w
uerence, a whoremaſter, t
be a fault, God helpe the
thē many an old hoſt that
hated, thē Pharaos leane
baniſh Peto, baniſh Bard